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Do not buy a cheap Worsteds Wool, or Merino Jersey. They are worthless. If you must have a cheap garment, buy an all cotton one. We make these remarks as a great many jobbers and Retailers insist on buying such cheap goods that the manufacturer has, in nearly all cases, been forced to cut the garments in size and length.

WE HAVE REFUSED to make such goods. Retailers can not afford to sell a Lady's good Jersey at less than \$1.50, and at the same time make a fair profit. Goods sold as Worsteds Jerseys, at less than this price, are either not worsteds, or are short lengths, small sizes, small around skirt, and bad fit.

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For the Sunday Sentinel.

"EASTER MORNING."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY WILLIAM KREUCH, OF COVINGTON, INDIANA.

The lark ascends on Easter morning,
High in the purest airy realm;
And in her flight, the sky adorning,
She sings a resurrection hymn.

And while high in air ascending,
A thousand voices sing beneath,
Awake! the old is fast retreating,
Awake! thou joyous youthful earth.

Awake! ye brooks, through valleys roaring,
And praise the Lord in joyous sound,
Awake! upon this glorious morning,
Ye grasses and ye leaflets round.

Ye flowers in the dearest forest,
Ye violets white and blossoms red,
Proclaim ye all in solemn chorus,
That love is stronger than is death.

Awake! ye indolent hearts of men,
Who tarry in their winter's sleep;
In gloomy lust, and glowing pain,
Entranced to God, their fortunes reap.

The strength of God blows through the land,
Like the breath of youth. O, let it in:
Like Samson rend the sinful band,
And then your hearts be free from sin.

Awake! ye spirits, who are yearning
Around the graves, with broken heart,
In fearful eyes, ye'll not be learning,
That spring again reveals its art.

Ye hypocrites, who are lost afar,
Wandering on an erring road,
Awake! the world anew is born,
A wonder God again has wrought.

The withered plants again will bloom,
The new will rise, the old be gone,
The breath of God will burst the tomb;
Awake! it is our Easter morn.

Written for the Sunday Sentinel.

"UNFORGIVEN."

BY MRS. ADDIE DITCH FRANK.

In the most fashionable part of the city of Brooklyn, amidst luxury and wealth, dwelt John Graham, whose family consisted of his wife and two daughters, Elsie and Louise, and himself. Their home was an elegant stone mansion and furnished in the most luxurious manner. They were courted by society; no ball, party or dinner being complete without the presence of Mr. John Graham and his beautiful daughters.

Elsie was a tall, handsome blonde, her father's pet and constant companion; but her heart seemed to be made of stone, as she cared for no one nor anything except that in which she could find amusement. Unlike her elder sister, Louise was a brunette, tall and queenly, with a heart full of tenderness and sympathy for the poor and afflicted. She was obedient and loving to her parents, especially to the invalid mother, who seldom left her room. For several years Mrs. Graham had been suffering from a nervous malady, which seemed to grow worse and worse as the weary months passed by.

"Here I am, papa; tell me how your lady looks in her new costume," said Elsie as she came sweeping into the drawing room dressed for the theater.

"My darling could not look better," he answered, stooping to kiss the upturned face of his lovely daughter.

"By the way, mamma has had another nervous attack and Louise has determined to remain at home with her; she begs of you to excuse her."

"I do not think it is necessary for her to remain at home, yet if she insists upon doing so, I shall go to the club," Mr. Graham said, only too glad to have some excuse for going to his favorite resort.

"Now papa, dear, I am going to make a confession to you, there is the bell, I am sure that is Ralph."

In another moment the door was opened and a servant announced Ralph Hampton. He was a large, portly built man of about thirty-five years of age, with a heavy black mustache, already mingled with gray, as was also his hair. Ralph Hampton was a well known lawyer of Brooklyn, whose success was more than remarkable; it was a surprise and a wonder to the more unsuccessful brothers of his profession.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting, Miss Graham," he said, taking her little gloved hand in his and placing it with his arm. "As you are ready we will go at once, or we will have the misfortune to miss the first act of my favorite play."

"It is well that Louise is not present to hear you say so much in favor of my brave Hamlet, for she dislikes tragedy very much and I really believe she is only too glad to have mamma's illness as an excuse for not attending to-night," she said, then placing her arms around her father's neck kissed him good night and left the room with her companion.

Mr. Graham did not go up to his wife's room, but donned his coat and hat and left the house for his favorite club. Shortly after his departure there was another ring at the door bell; a letter, addressed to Miss Elsie Graham and marked private, was handed to the servant. The bearer of the letter slipped a silver coin in the servant's hand, and said in a low voice: "Remember to keep this a secret," and then disappeared in the darkness.

All this had taken place without the knowledge of any of the inmates of the elegant mansion, except the servant. Mrs. Graham lay upstairs in her room on the snowy white bed, prostrated with nervousness, which greatly affected her heart, and by her side was Louise, trying to quiet her.

"Child, I felt so lonely and forsaken to-night how can I thank you for remaining at home with me?" Mrs. Graham said in a feeble voice.

"Dear mamma, I do not want to be thanked for doing my duty. Have you not watched over me with your motherly care night after night when I needed your care and attention; and should I not repay you for all your watching, and many sleepless nights when I have an opportunity?" Louise asked, gently smoothing the hair from off the pale forehead. "But I am sure your papa will feel disappointed at being obliged to go to the theater alone," continued Mrs. Graham.

"No, no mamma, he has already gone to the club tonight and he will miss me very much anyhow, although I do not mean to complain."

"Did he know that I am feeling so much worse this evening?" the sick woman asked anxiously.

"I did not tell him and I dare say he did not know it," answered Louise.

"He had not told him but had sent word

by Elsie; but she could not bear to tell her mother the truth."

The fact was, Mrs. Graham had been complaining for so many years that her husband had become tired and disgusted, and seldom paid much attention to her after calling upon her and inquiring how she felt each morning; this caused the unhappy invalid many long, miserable hours.

"Ah! dear child, you are ever ready to shield him, and perhaps you are right. How I wish he could see your good, noble heart as I do; my darling, that day will yet come when he will love you even as I do Elsie. By the way, dear, I think from all appearances, that Mr. Hampton loves Elsie—and what is it, child, are you ill?"

"Only a little tired, mamma; never mind. I shall be all right in a few minutes." Louise had grown pale very suddenly and her lips quivered.

"I was going to say that I think Mr. Hampton loves Elsie, but as to her loving him—my dear tell me, what is the matter; your pale face frightens me."

"Go on; do you think she loves him?"

"I am sure that she does not, but with your papa's consent, and that she will obtain without the least trouble, for he never refuses her anything, will marry him for the fame and honor he is sure to win; his position in society and his profession are already envied by many."

"Should I marry him if he does not love him; such a step would be an outrage upon a true man; a crime to wreck his life which seems so full of a great work. Oh mamma, mamma, I will tell you the truth: It is I who love him with all my heart. You are now in possession of my secret; guard it closely, for he must not know of my hopeless attachment for him," Louise said, laying her tear stained cheek upon her mother's bosom, and endeavoring to stifle her sobs.

"Louise, I will speak to Elsie; per—"

"No, no mamma, do not let me suffer as she would then marry him in spite. He had better know the truth, yet even to tell him would cause some trouble," interrupted Louise.

Some one was heard ascending the stairs, and in a few moments Elsie entered the room looking more beautiful than when we saw her a few hours before, for her cheeks were rosy from being out in the cold air.

She inquired after her mother's health, then told them of the pleasant evening she had spent; of who occupied the house, and how they were dressed; of dear little Ophelia's silly but sweet songs and of Hamlet's wonderful death, which far surpassed any Hamlet she had ever seen die before, and no doubt would have talked the remainder of the night had not her mother motioned to her to keep quiet with her feeble hand.

"The more pieces of news I must tell you, then I will leave you to your sweet repose, or to be lulled to sleep by my sister, gentle voice, Ralph asked me this evening to be his wife and—For mercy's sake, Louise, what is the matter? You are pale as a sheet."

"It is very warm in here. I will soon be all right," Louise answered in a quivering voice, in spite of her great effort to appear calm.

"I am glad you are not ill, for I do so dislike to have you sick, people about me. Good night, mamma," she said as she left the room.

Let us leave Louise and her mother and follow Elsie across the wide hall and into her own room. She sat down in a large easy chair facing the great fire, in which a fire was blazing brightly and which illuminated the room with its rosy glow. Little shadows flitted about the room, causing the beautiful girl to start with a nervous fear, as if those shadows were living beings, trying to discover the contents of the letter which she was holding in her hand.

"How I love him!" she exclaimed, tearing open the envelope and reading the letter. As we approached her we heard her sweet voice reading, "I am above a whisper, the letter given her by the servant."

"My darling, I will be near your home to-morrow night at 12 o'clock, and you must meet me. Do not be afraid, for I will be with you, and do not disappoint me, my dearest Elsie, for I am almost desperate at our long separation. Ever your own C. M."

How fast her heart beat and how every nerve seemed to vibrate with love for the writer of that letter. "What shall I do? what must I do? I will go to him, for he loves me and I love him far better than my life. Yet what will papa say of his favorite child's disobedience? Oh, if he could only believe in my darling's purity as I do!" she exclaimed, and threw herself across her bed weeping and moaning, then rising hastily paced the floor and wrung her hands in wild despair.

"Sway, tears! I shall not give vent to you again. I shall meet him to-morrow night and be his wife. After we are once married papa will soon forgive me and bring us both home." With this resolution she became quiet and almost happy. When she slept the dream of being married to Ralph Hampton and of living a most wretched life, which made her all the more determined to become Mrs. Martin.

On the following day Elsie was more lively and more anxious to please her father than she had ever been before. In the afternoon she went sleighing with him and seemed very happy. They met the mother who was going away that very night, but did not recognize him. While they were gone Ralph Hampton called and Louise was compelled to entertain him. How her heart throbbed when in his presence! How she longed to escape the searching gaze of his large eyes! She must tell him of her love; something more than she would have him know. Yet why should he even think that she cared for him?

Louise looked beautiful in her house dress of crimson velvet; nor did her beauty escape the eyes of the mother who was going away that very night. She was greatly disappointed at not finding Elsie at home, this day of all others, when she knew that he was coming to ask her father's consent to their union. It was because Elsie knew this that she had insisted upon going out with her father.

"Yes, I am disappointed, Miss Louise. Did your sister say nothing to you of that which seemed between us last night?"

"Yes, and I wish you a happy life," she answered in a firm voice. "She did not mention your calling to-day, and must have forgotten about it."

"Can a lady who loves a gentleman forget such an important event in her life as a lover's call upon her father to obtain his consent to their marriage?" he asked in a mocking tone. "I hope I have not made a mistake in thinking she loves me," he continued after waiting several moments for Louise to answer his question. "You do not answer me, Louise. Am I right; does she not love me?"

"Did she tell you that she loved you?" she asked.

"I have come to ask the question, I remember now that she did not; but she shall before I make her my wife. I suppose it is not necessary for me to wait, as they may not return before evening."

"You may be right; indeed, Mr. Hampton, I regret their absence and hope you will excuse Elsie," she said apologetically.

On his way home he tried to think harshly of Elsie, but when her beautiful face arose before him all unkind thoughts had disappeared. Going to his room he lay down to rest and soon fell fast asleep.

What a lovely vision was that which appeared to him in that day dream; whose tall

queenly form, clad in crimson velvet appeared at his side, and whose sad eyes looked so sadly at him, with quivering lips? It was the vision of the woman who loved him; he awoke with a start and almost wished that his dream was a reality.

Two years before the night on which Elsie received the letter signed with the two initials, C. M., she had met Clarence Martin at a ball. How he had ever gained an entrance into society or received an invitation to a ball, where only the best society of Brooklyn was invited, no one knew, but it was whispered by some persons, who were expected to know everybody's business but their own, that he was distantly related to Mr. B., at whose house the ball was given; however that may be he was there, and a handsome fellow he was, but a gambler and a sportsman.

Clarence Martin was introduced to Elsie, and from that night on he was a frequent caller at her home, and they became more than friends, until Mr. Graham became alarmed for his daughter's safety and forbade him to call again. A clandestine correspondence sprang up between them, and they contrived to see each other quite frequently. She had promised her father never to recognize Clarence, nor did she when he was near.

Elsie loved Clarence Martin and would not give him up.

Mr. Graham and his daughter returned home shortly after Ralph Hampton had departed. Elsie was provoked at Louise for not having him remain until she returned; she played her cards to perfection. She spent the early part of the evening in the drawing room with her father, but was not as happy as she had been during the day.

"Papa, do you believe in presentiments?" she asked, resting herself on a stool at his feet and gazing steadily at the fire in the grate.

"Why, child, whatever has put such nonsense as that into your pretty head?"

"I feel like something dreadful was going to happen."

"Not to yourself, my darling?"

"Yes, papa, to your Elsie. Would you miss me very much if I should be taken away from you?" she asked with a touch of sadness in her voice.

"Hush, my darling; do not even think of such a thing; I should be the most miserable man alive."

"Yet such might be the case. Dear papa, will you promise never to think harshly of me, no matter what may happen in the future; thinking only of my great love for you?"

"Child, you talk so strange. Why do you ask such a question, knowing as you do that you never disobey me?"

"And if I should ever disobey you in the future, would you forgive me?"

"Forewarned, forearmed; you must not disobey. My child, I have always tried to make you happy and have received happiness in return, the same as I shall expect from you in the future."

The conversation was brought suddenly to a close by the entrance of Louise, who was greatly agitated, and tears were in her eyes.

"Papa, I bring you bad news: mamma is much worse and the physician says she is sinking rapidly."

The physician was right. Mrs. Graham had grown steadily worse since the night before; her husband had not entered her room since morning, but Louise remained by her side constantly.

"The same old story over and over: God only knows how many times I have been summoned to her bedside, expecting the end at hand, but she revived," he said almost angrily.

"God grant that she may revive again. For shame papa: your place is by her side whenever you have a spare moment. Day after day she lies there and you spend your minutes in her room. You too, Elsie, have shown how heartless you are; how little you love and respect the one who suffered to give you life. God forgive you, for I feel more like heaping curses after curse upon your head, and God forgive me for having such wicked feelings and talking so if it is a sin."

"You are right in asking his forgiveness; yet I do not expect anything better of you, who are so much like your mother," answered Mr. Graham.

"You do not love me, papa, and when she is gone, I shall be alone in this wide, wide world. Who then will be kind to Louise? Oh God! why was I born into this cruel world? What if our friends, your society friends, knew how you treated poor mamma and I; do you think you would—? We would be scorned and cursed by society!" She hesitated, for some one entered at the door which she had left ajar. It was Ralph Hampton.

"Louise, you are right. God forbid that society should be composed of such as your father and sister; I have been deceived by both of them, and—"

"Stop!" interrupted Mr. Graham. "By what right do you enter this room unannounced?" he demanded, rising from his chair.

"For some cause, unknown to me, your bell has been taken from the door; I knocked and was directed to this room by your servant and if you dismiss him from your service for admitting me, I will see that he finds other employment immediately," returned Ralph in a firm, determined voice.

"I came to ask you for your favorite child's hand in marriage, but should you offer to give your treasure to me without my asking, I should decline to accept her."

"Leave my house, sir, you have insulted both my daughter and myself," Mr. Graham said, his face livid with anger.

"I will leave, sir, when Louise tells me to go. Louise, may I have the right to love and marry the remainder of your life? Speak, Louise; am I too late; do you love another?"

"Ralph Hampton, with my dying mother's consent I will be your wife; papa can not object, for he has never cared for me, even though I loved him very dearly. Come with me to mamma; the physician says she is sinking very rapidly."

answered Louise with tears of joy in her eyes, for this unexpected realization of a hope of happiness she had never even dared to dream of before.

Mr. Graham did not attempt to prevent them from going, but followed in a dogged manner to his wife's room, with Elsie close to his side. As they entered the room the physician and nurse stepped away from the bedside, making room for Louise and Ralph.

"My dear child, what does this mean?" asked Mrs. Graham in a feeble voice. "Who could gaze upon the pale face, the pinched nose and colorless lips and not realize that this woman's life was near its journey's end. Louise was too much affected at her mother's appearance to answer."

"I have come to ask you to entrust your daughter to my care; I shall do all within my power to make her happy," said Ralph, taking the feeble hand of the dying woman.

"Elsie told me last night of her engagement. Did her papa not—?"

"I cannot interrupt under a mistake. It is Louise I want for my wife."

"Thank God! I can now die happy, knowing that my true hearted child has someone to comfort her when I am gone. Dear Louise do not cry for I as well as you shall be happy. Your marriage take place as soon as possible, not waiting until the year of mourning has expired. Ah! are you here, John? How glad I am to have you with me! It is so much like the days of old, and you too, Elsie, come, rest and soon fall fast asleep."

What a lovely vision was that which appeared to him in that day dream; whose tall

proved untrue to you, for I do love you very much," cried Elsie.

"Never mind, Elsie; there, good night. Go to bed child; as you must not lose your rosy cheeks and bright eyes."

As Mrs. Graham said this the clock on the mantle struck the quarter of twelve, and Elsie arose from her kneeling posture by the bed in a startled manner. It was only fifteen minutes before time for her to meet her lover. Should she go to him after hearing what her father had said a short time before? "Forewarned, forearmed; you must not disobey me," were his exact words. Must she go and leave her dying mother? After she had said goodnight and kissed her mother good-bye forever, she went to her room like one in a dream.

The quarter was almost up; in a few minutes more the clock would strike the hour. Yes, she would go, for she could do her mother no good. Putting on her dear heavy seal cloak and cap, and tying a veil over her face, she peeped into the hall to see that no one was in sight, then hastily descended the broad stairway, opened the outer door, ran lightly down the stone steps and passed out into the darkness; passed out from her father's house, the father that had loved her so devotedly, into the great world, to link her life with that of a gambler; passed out from the home which she would not enter again for many long weary months, perhaps years. She had not gone but a few steps, when Clarence Martin appeared; he kissed her lips, which were now icy cold, and then they entered a cab, which was waiting near by, and were driven toward the great Brooklyn bridge.

He took her to one of New York's first class hotels, and there in the presence of the clerk and several other witnesses, the marriage ceremony was performed by a minister. Can it be that one who claims to be a Christian, by God's word, and Gospel to his children will so far forget to "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you?" Would he have been willing for some one to say the words which would unite his daughter for life to a second-rate gambler like Clarence Martin? Perhaps he did not know who the parties were. Could a marriage, solemnized at two o'clock in the morning, under such peculiar circumstances, be all right?

Scarcely an hour after Elsie had left her home her father went to her on a mission; he went to her mother's bedside, for Mrs. Graham was at last near the end of her sojourn in this weary world, and wished once more to have her family around her. Louise and Ralph were still with her. On knocking at Elsie's door and receiving no answer he opened the door and found the room empty. He went to the kitchen, where all the servants were gathered about the stove awaiting the dreadful news from the chamber above, and inquired for her; but Elsie was not there, nor had they seen her.

On hearing a cry of despair in his wife's room, he hastened back and found her dead. Her spirit had departed from her weary, aching body without a struggle; away from the husband who had neglected her so often during her illness. Ralph Hampton held Louise in his strong, loving arms, endeavoring to soothe and comfort her. For the first time in several years Mr. Graham realized his neglect for his wife. Now that she was dead, he knelt by the bedside and wept like a child. How long he remained there he knew not, and how long he would have remained in that position God alone knows, had he not been interrupted by the entrance of the undertakers.

Louise took her father's hand and led him to his room, followed by Ralph. It was then he first learned how pure and true and kind-hearted his youngest daughter was. Taking her in his arms and pressing her fondly to his bosom, he asked her forgiveness for his past neglect.

"Can it be that you love me after all, papa?" she asked through her blinding tears.

"Yes, my child, and you shall be doubly dear to me now, for you are so much like the wife I so much needed in my days when I should have been her support and comfort. And Ralph, I wish also to ask your pardon for speaking so harshly to you last night," he said, extending his hand to the one whom, a few short hours before, he had ordered from his home.

"Indeed, sir, I have no desire whatever to entertain bad thoughts or feelings toward the father of my betrothed; and now I hope you will not refuse to bestow your blessing upon us."

"If my blessing is worth anything to you, you are welcome to it. By the way, I had forgotten to mention that Elsie is not in her room, and you had—What is it, Dan?" Mr. Graham asked the servant who had just entered the room. He handed Mrs. Graham a letter which he said he had found on the hall floor. It was the letter which Elsie had written to her lover; she had evidently dropped it when leaving the house.

Mr. Graham read the letter aloud, then fell back into his chair with a groan of despair. Elsie, the child he had loved even more than the mother who gave her birth, had eloped with a man whom he knew to be a gambler and a wicked man.

"You will try to find her, papa, and bring her home," said Louise.

"No; I will curse her with my last breath, for my whole life seemed to be wrapt up in her," he answered, angrily.

"Dear papa, think of what you are saying; think of the miserable existence she will be compelled to lead, with such a man. Oh, papa! say that you will forgive her."

"Never," he has chosen the kind of life she wished to live, let her abide by that choice. Oh, God! my punishment is just but severe."

Louise saw that it was useless to remonstrate further with